

The Saturday News

SIXTH YEAR, No. 32

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1911

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

It has been recognized for some weeks past that an election this fall was inevitable. The only question was as to its date whether it would be brought on prior or subsequent to the passing of a redistribution measure. The government has decided on the former course and now one of the principal subjects of dispute between the parties is as to which was responsible for the untimely contest.

That it is untimely no one disputes. The country has grown so rapidly that the House as at present constituted has for a long time past not been representative of the people. But suppose that which is now to be elected remains in existence, five years, as it may, or four, as it probably will, a most serious injustice will be inflicted upon the expanding provinces west of the Great Lakes.

But this is not all. An election at what is the busiest time of the year for the greater part of the voters will interfere with an intelligent verdict. With crops to get in, the average farmer will pay little attention to politics. The possible benefit or loss which may come to him as a result of tariff changes will appear of as slight importance as compared with getting his wheat or his hay in without damage.

Then there is the length of the campaign to consider. This is a misfortune, as the effect is always unsettling in a business way. The average time between dissolution and polling day is about a month. From July 29 to Sept. 21st, is practically eight weeks, the longest election period since Confederation.

Who is responsible? It is true that the Opposition has been using obstructive tactics with a view to preventing the passage of the reciprocity pact before it was passed on by the people. They set out to force an election. But there was nothing reprehensible in this. They were following the same course that the Liberals did in 1896 and with which all who know anything of constitutional history are familiar. The exceptional fact in the situation was that a redistribution was pending.

It was a matter of only a few weeks before a re-arrangement of seats in accordance with the census could be made. Clearly this was a case where an understanding should have been come to between the leaders to suspend hostilities till after it was possible to pass a redistribution bill. Mr. Borden made several advances with that end in view. He could also point out that last March he gave the government warning that he proposed to exhaust all constitutional means to prevent the reciprocity bill from going through and suggested that the work of taking the census be hurried, seeing that there was a possibility of an early election. There is no evidence that the government made any effort to have this done, though it was simply a matter of appointing more enumerators.

But to the suggestions of the Opposition leader, the Liberals simply declared that the only way to prevent an early election was to bring reciprocity into effect immediately. This was manifestly impossible in view of the stand which the Conservatives had adopted, so that the fight is now on. The responsibility is with the government. Of that there can be no doubt, and the result must be to weaken it. It gives the Conservatives something to talk about in the West. But for this wrong thus inflicted on these provinces, reciprocity would have swept them for the administration. Moreover the increase of seats would have told in its favour very materially, so that all round a foolish tactical error has been made.

Dissolution, particularly with the local political situation disturbed as it is, has had the effect of driving out of the field most other matters of public interest. The war scare abated as abruptly as it sprang up. There is little doubt that the immed-

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This argument, however, is not altogether sound. We cannot forget that thirteen years ago this summer, Britain and France, the two powers whose understanding is apparently so perfect at the present time, were at daggers drawn over the Fashoda incident. The war talk was bolder by far than it was last week. Lord Salisbury's language was much more direct than that used by any British minister during the recent crisis. He declared that in advancing towards the Nile as it was doing, France was drawing to an inevitable conflict with Great Britain. He demanded the unconditional withdrawal of Capt. Marchand from Fashoda before entering into further negotiations as to the spheres of influence of the two countries in Africa. France yielded without delay. Bitterness soon ceased and before long gave way to unmistakable

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After all the disturbance of recent months it would be a most remarkable and a most unfortunate thing if the issue that has been raised were not now placed in the forefront. It has been stated in the press that the element which supports the policy of the council is not now disposed to put a candidate in the field. But, assuming that Mr. McKinley stands for re-election, or somebody who represents his views takes his place and appeals to the people on the strength of these, are the council and its supporters not to take up the challenge? If they failed to do so, it would be a clear admission that in pursuing the course that they have they had not the support of the citizens.

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SUB DIVISION

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There is too much disposition to treat public ownership as a creed that a municipality places in mortal peril in departing from it. It is neither right nor wrong in itself. It has great advantages

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"News" Ads. Are Read

Music and Drama

A play by E. G. Hemmerle and Francis Nelson, entitled "The Crucible," has just been produced in London. Truth's dramatic critic presents this unique and most readable condensation of it:

Mark Melstrode (Mr. Henry Ainley).—A young man of many millions, who holds curious views on the subject of women. He has had "rotten luck with them," and accordingly will not marry one until he has put her into the crucible and tested her. He is a terrifically strong man, and radiates mental power.

Patrick Delane (Mr. J. D. Beveridge).—An elderly Irishman, who is Melstrode's partner and infirmate friend.

Kenyon Shrawardine (Mr. Owen Nares).—A neurotic young man, who has gambled heavily on the Stock Exchange.

John Palmer (Mr. A. S. Home-wood).—A whiskered old gentleman, who has nothing in particular to do with the running of the play except to talk a lot about the man whom Melstrode is ruining.

Duchess of Droone (Mrs. Russ Whytal).—A penny novelette Duchess, who has been paid handsomely for launching Melstrode into society. She is known as "Georgy," and apparently is more or less in love with the man, or with his millions.

Countess of Drayton (Miss Mary Rorke).—An aristocratic old soul of the old school, who makes Melstrode "feel like ten cents."

Mary Shrawardine (Miss Evelyn Dalroy).—Niece of the Countess. A beautifully gowned woman who spends so much money that every one wants to know where it comes from. Melstrode has paid her debts once to save her from falling into the clutches of a man whose reputation is so shocking that he is never allowed to put even his nose into the play, and he obviously has no high opinion of her moral character.

The scene is a room in Mark Melstrode's London house. Somewhere in the house a big reception organised by the Duchess is about to begin, but no one bothers much about this or troubles to be present.

Georgy (entering to Melstrode and Delane): I know I mayn't come in here, but here I am. Aren't you coming to my party?

Melstrode: No. I've paid you well to get it up, but I'm not coming to it. I'm hard at work at finance. You just listen to me talking technicalities on the telephone.

Georgy (archly): Naughty heart! By the way, I wonder whether you've noticed that I have a very coming-on disposition. My manner surely suggests that here has been something between us. Wouldn't you like to marry me?

Melstrode: You don't seem to understand that I am an altogether uncommon person. The woman I marry must stand with her feet square on the earth, and be a mighty mother of men. You don't look a bit like that. In fact, I think that when the late Duke was taken it must have been a happy release for him. I call you Georgy in an insolent way merely to show my contempt for the peerage.

Georgy: Naughty heart! You really don't treat me at all as you ought to treat a Duchess, particularly one who fancies that she is rather like a certain well-known real Duchess. Surely you are not thinking of marrying Mary of Mary Shrawardine?

Melstrode: What do you know of Mary Shrawardine?

Georgy: Only that, well—of course, she does spend about £100,000 a year, and she hasn't got more than ten hundred, and there, women will be women. Look at me, for instance.

Melstrode: Good-bye. I'm going to talk finance again. I'm very busy ruining a man who "downed" me in the past, and I want to bore the audience with the details.

Georgy (archly): Ta-ta! Good-bye! Au revoir! Au revoir! (trips off with a languorous glance and though she makes a few subsequent appearances we lose interest in her).

Enter Mary Shrawardine

Mary: I don't know why I've

come here, but everyone seems to

believe I have a party down-stairs. You're probably a girl who has taken the wrong turning. Never mind. I love you.

Mary: And I love you.

Melstrode: Don't think this is a proposal of marriage, because it isn't. I merely want to put you in the crucible and see if you are worthy. I worship you, but I think you have a past, so I cannot marry you. He my mistress.

Mary: Never. Good-bye. I know I let men pay my debts for me and that I live far beyond my means, but I'm not taking any crucibles. Exit.

Enter Kenton Shrawardine

Kenyon (looking as though he had made a night of it): You have more money than you know what to do with.

Melstrode: I have.

Kenyon: Lend me £20,000, or I shall be arrested to-morrow.

Melstrode: When can you repay me?

Kenyon: Never, on my honour. **Melstrode** (to Delane): This man seems honest. I like his style. (To Kenyon): Why do you want £20,000?

Kenyon: Because I have speculated with other people's money and lost it.

Melstrode: I haven't got my purse with me now, but come and see me this evening. You please me.

Exit Kenyon

Melstrode (to Delane): By the way, who is he?

Delane: I don't know, but I'll find out. (Finds out.) He is Mary Shrawardine's brother.

Melstrode: She has sent him to work on my feelings. Ha! ha! I have her in my power.

Act II.—The same day: Evening

Kenyon (entering to Melstrode): Will you help me, if I shall have hysterics.

Melstrode: Yes if you will help me. I love your sister. Persuade her to do what I want, and I will save you.

Enter Mary

Kenyon (to his sister): Mr. Melstrode wants you to marry him Mary, and then he will save me.

Mary: Yes. I don't think.

Melstrode: You don't quite understand the position. I am not asking your sister to marry me. I merely want to crucible her. If she will dispense with the marriage service the money is yours. For some reason which no one understands the authors of this play have made me loathe marriage, and this is the test to which I put all women.

Kenyon: Oh! shades of "Measure for Measure."

Mary: I love Mr. Melstrode in spite of his being an unmitigated cad, and he loves me, but I am going to come out of the crucible with I come to you on such terms.

Kenyon (with brotherly chivalry): Ah! I believe you are a pure gold. Never, never, never I'll let you be so man already.

Mary: Oh, oh, oh, they all think that. Why should they? I suppose it is because I let men pay my debts. What a vile and suspicious world it is.

Melstrode (aside): If I were not a great, strong, fine man I could not play such a dirty trick as this, but I must bend these people to my will.

Kenyon (flourishing a revolver): This villain has insulted you.

(Continued on page 7)



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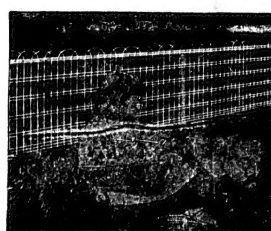
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Old Age

(By Henry W. Longfellow.)
It is too late! Ah! nothing is too late

Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his peers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had begun his Characters of Men.

Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales.'
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years had past

What then! Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

I am on board the train again,
Eastward bound. Night is closing in around us as out of doors, the car is very quiet. All my fellow-passengers are either having an after-dinner cigar in the smoker, or are still bestowed in the cafe car ahead. This breathing space, with only my thoughts for company, is positively heavenly.

For I love to be alone at times. Such times as I know that in a twinkling I can step into the world of realities; into the world of the humans, and the small talk that is the spice of life.

A strange thing has struck me about the Canadian Prairies. At first sight you fall head over ears in love with them. Next time their illimitableness overpowers and terrifies you. The first time some comprehension of their potentialities awakens in your heart, and you settle down into the unwavering affection for them, that is the test mark of every true-born Westerner.

Until you are baptised with Prairie air, and Prairie peace, and the great loneliness of these tremendous unshorn fields—

"Boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name."

you may live in the West, but you are not of it.

To-night I have been born

again. All evening the clouds have clung close about the great bald 'oceans of the desert.' It has drizzled off and on, but on the little lakes and ponds there has shone an eerie violet light—violet splashed with silver—so that I can see the little teal being hustled off to bed in the reeds by their officious mammas; weird little flocks of tiny black birds circling around the slough; as swifts circle around the chimneys. What they light on I can't discover, but after circling and circling until my eyes grow dizzy following them, all of a sudden they are on the bosom of the waters.

They have queer little ways on the Prairies. Even the prim, fat-tummed gophers, sit up more sedately here, than they do on our Edmonton Golf-links. And just now, a very long and graceful Miss Gopheress, sat up so very straight, and seemed to stretch herself to such an extent, that fearing for her fate, I caught myself warring for her—don't!

You remember, I am sure, Alice in Wonderland and how that most marvelous child's head appeared right through the chimney-pot after she had begun to grow, and will appreciate my feelings of apprehension.

I think all of the descriptive words one naturally applies to the Prairies and their occupants, may be said to begin with a "P." Flooding, pensive, plucky, patient, potential, problematic, powerful, pathetic—you can add to them indefinitely.

Little lights from lonely section-men's shacks, as we rush through the door-way, pallid, women rocking we babies to sleep. There you have potentiality and pathos both in a glance.

What breed of women are these who are content to isolate themselves thus? The thought pursues you, as you skim over acre after acre, section after section. Until against a window-pane, a shadow against the light, you see another face peering out at the iron sled and his carriages, who rush on through the night. Some wonderful to-morrow these women's children will be racing up macadamized streets, where now a narrow black ribbon of road, trailed out by cows going to pasture, are the only marks of demarcation on the landscape. Can you conceive the thing?

The tiny villages along the line, never lose their fascination for me. The addition to the hotel and cafe at Biggar eloquently substantiate the old pun, "Yes—it-grows."

You know the rest. The 'General Store' in the a-fore-said metropolis has also a perennial claim. Here comes the mail, here come all the people for many miles around to get their gossip and provisions.

I can imagine that life could be very interesting in these centres of trade and society.

The country is looking, at least to my untrained eyes, in splendid condition. It is surprising to watch how the embryonic farms I saw a few short months ago be-

gun, are taking on the airs of genuine settlement.

One thing that appeals to me out of the window is the gross carelessness of the farmer in looking after his farm implements. Every little space it is called to your attention by a rusty-red skeleton of a harrow, a plough or a binder, half-buried in a pool of water, or lying stiff and stark way off in some unprotected corner of the land.

Surely this machinery cost good money and is worth putting under cover and looking after.

Shiftlessness is not a vice the poor should cultivate. It is a luxury that even the wealthy find comes rather high.

Every time I take a tip over the G.T.P., I am impressed with the beauty of the route they have chosen, the road-bed they have built, and the luxury of the service they have installed.

The roominess and airiness of the cars is delightful. I, who usually suffer from train-sickness, never remember that there is such an ill aboard these little palaces on wheels. In my berth I find two individual electric lights that I can turn on at will. So that I can read quite as pleasantly and comfortably, as if at home in my own study. I go out to wash, or for a drink and find a beautifully appointed dressing-room, cosy and airy, with glass-enclosed receptacles for drinking water. Every apartment is sanitary and exquisitely clean. There is a rest chair in case one is fatigued. There is room to turn and breathe in.

The G.T.P. has brought about a revolution in travelling, making it a delightful, luxurious, pastime, instead of a tiresome and uncomfortable means of getting about from one place to another.

The dining service too, is quite in keeping with the Pullman conveniences. The table appointments are plain, but spotless. Fresh cut flowers are on every table. The prices are most wonderful of all, surprisingly low. You can get half a real spring chicken, not an old hen of five summers, for half a dollar. And that broiled to the King's taste. Other good things are in proportion. Everything is fresh and wholesome. Meal hours aboard a G.T.P. diner, are events to look forward to.

In Winnipeg the new Union Station of the C.N.R. and G.T.P. services also sets an example that other roads in America would do well to follow.

At present half of the depots, as they are constructed and maintained, are a disgrace to civilized communities. The air is foul, they are over-crowded. Filth and rags jostle the woman who takes pride in keeping herself immaculate. They are absolutely unsanitary. They are stop-over rest places that are a nightmare to the traveler who has to perform, to take advantage of them.

By the new system, all colonial traffic will henceforth be handled in a separate department in the basement. The ticket offices are there, the traffic and waiting rooms. So that the man who pays a first-class fare will get the benefit of his extra money.

The change, particularly out West, where emigrant traffic is so heavy, will be a welcome one, and nowhere more appreciated than in Winnipeg, the Gateway of the Promised Land, where conditions have been shockingly congested in the past.

Infant Logic

A dame was she who thought she knew
Her Maker's every inmost sense;
She deemed that those in air who flew

Flew in the face of Providence.

Last week, when Berteaux's death she saw,
His fate she to her theory bent;
"If men will fly and break God's Law,
They must expect God's punishment."

Her youngest hopeful standing by,
"But why, dear mummy,"
puzzled cried,
"If God is angry, 'cos men fly,
Did He not kill the man what fled?"

His mother with reproving mien
And stern, "When I was young,"
averred,
"We learnt that children should be seen
But never by their elders heard."

---Truth.

I read an article in the train on what I suppose is a very vital problem. To wit, why the man in the street no longer goes to church.

It said "The man in the Street." There are really though more people who "stay at home." If they walk the streets they are discovered. If they play golf they are marked men. If they ride, if they listen—if it—well, somebody gets to know of it. And so they spend the Day of Rest, literally as the term implies, resting.

I know some people who really seem to like to go to church. I know a great many who are scared to stay away. Many others who are indifferent. Some, too, to whom the idea of going never presents itself. Who is to blame?

In the summer it is even more of a vexed question than when the cold weather creeps on.

Most churches are at least well heated. Some houses are not. In winter congregations expand. On Easter Sunday they can't get seats enough to go around.

Does it mean that religion comes in Weather waves. Of many arguments advanced as to why people are so indifferent, two struck me as particularly sound.

Bishop Wilberforce thundered one of them at a dull missionary meeting, when addressing a number of clergy of his diocese, sitting in a solemn row on the platform. He said:

"I tell you what it is gentlemen," said Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, turning round at a very dull missionary meeting and addressing a number of clergy of his diocese, sitting in a solemn row on the platform, "the Church of England is being choked with its dignity. What you want is to listen off your neckties and shake the starch out of them," and the

(Continued on Page 6)

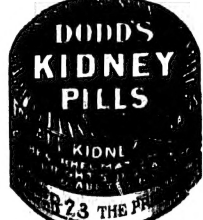
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THE INVESTOR

Inspector Francis of the Bank of Commerce has returned from the Peace River country. It has been decided to establish a branch of the bank at Beaver Lodge, for the benefit of the residents of the Grand Prairie country. With a bank branch over three hundred miles beyond Edmonton, it begins to look as if the new northwest was really opening up.

The Edmonton bank clearings for July were \$8,930,813, as compared with \$5,831,885 a year ago. The building permits were \$170,969. In 1910 July was the record month of the year with \$140,000. The building inspector states that there is evidence that activity will be very great during the balance of the season. The homebased entries for the month were 62 as compared with 505 in 1910.

The city commissioners have authorized the purchase of lot 154, block 12 in the Hudson's Bay reserve and lot 20, block 2, Fairview, for \$2300 and \$525 respectively, to be used as sites for sub police stations.

The International Harvester Co. proposes to erect a six story warehouse at the corner of Mackenzie and Ninth.

The purchase at the corner of First and Mackenzie was, it is now apparent, made for the purposes of the Cockshutt Plow Co.

Mr. H. M. Martin has returned from his trip to eastern cities, where he went with Mr. Rene Lemarchand. They attended the convention of building managers in Cleveland, where an investment of three billion dollars was represented, and were able to give their fellow delegates much useful information about the furthest north point represented at the convention. Mr. Lemarchand received much encouragement at Ottawa in connection with his agitation for the establishment of a two-cent postage rate between France and Canada. He is convinced that it would stimulate to a marked degree business relations between the two countries.

The contract has been let for the Jewish synagogue to be erected at the corner of Grieson and Syndicate at a cost of \$15,000.

Townships, Ltd., an English syndicate, has purchased one hundred and seventy four lots in Del-

ton and the unsold portion of Cromdale. They have been represented in Edmonton by Mr. E. H. Turnbull.

Mr. and Mrs. John McDougall and Mrs. W. C. Inglis sailed for home this week.

Hon. David Laird, former governor of the Territories, has been a visitor this week to Edmonton and Calgary.

Last Friday night a reception was held at St. Paul's church in honor of the new rector, Rev. Mr. Howcroft.

Torrens Land System

Beverly Jones, Secretary of the Canada Law Amendment Society, writes to The Toronto Star:

Twenty-eight years ago, 1883, as secretary of the Canada Land Law Amendment (Torrens) Association, I came to the North-West to enlighten the Government and people upon the merits of the Torrens System of Land Transfer. The titles to land during the then "boom" had become very complicated. When the new Liberal Government came into power they made a radical change in the whole method of registry. They consolidated the two systems, and though all the lands in Winnipeg and the neighborhood were then under the old system, yet without any complication the Torrens System has almost entirely superseded the old one.

The Land Titles Office is a fine cut stone building about 100 feet square, where both systems are carried on. The Registrar-General Mr. Macara, was so kind as to show me through the office, and give me full information. The business under the old system has almost ceased, as most of the land has been brought under the Torrens system. In the month of May the fees for registering transfers, mortgages, searches, etc., under the Torrens System were \$14,501, whereas all fees for registration, abstracts searches of title still remaining under the old registry system of dependent titles was only \$780.

Formerly they had five examiners of titles to pass the title to lands from the old system, now they have only one and the whole staff in the Old Registry Office is only three. In the downstairs office where the new system is being carried on of transferring, mortgaging and otherwise dealing with lands, they have over fifty officials of whom seven are solicitors.

Women of City will Welcome Introduction of a Gas Supply

The building of fires in a coal stove and the carrying of coal and ashes are forms of drudgery which the Edmonton housewife will be able to escape before another year has passed, if the agreement between the City and the International Heating and Lighting Co. is approved by the ratepayers on August fourteenth. There is not a woman in the city who will not welcome the comfort and convenience which is made possible by the gas range and the other useful appliances for cooking and heating by gas. With a gas plant in operation the most disagreeable features of the work of the kitchen may be transferred to the gas factory. It is the gas man's business to do all the shovelling and handling. He takes the expensive coal, extracts the labour, dirt, ashes and a part of the price and delivers the gas to the consumer by underground mains. The gas is the essence of the coal and is the cleanest and cheapest fuel in the world.

The need of a gas supply in Edmonton has been recognized for many years and the problem has become more urgent with the more recent developments of the city. The citizens who live in apartment blocks, which is fast becoming a popular form of modern living, are now compelled to suffer great inconvenience or else adopt the expensive and dangerous gasoline stove. There are many such instances of hardship which occur in a city which has

permitted itself to become the only city on the continent of its population without a gas supply. The fact that the sum of \$10,000 is deposited with the city as a guarantee that the company will proceed forthwith in the construction of the works, may be accepted as ample assurance that no time will be lost in taking all the steps necessary to install a complete plant.

WHO OWNS THE ORKNEYS AND THE SHETLANDS?

It is not perhaps generally known that an opinion expressed, half humorously, by Lord Salween at the opening of the Norse gallery in the Scottish exhibition in Glasgow with regard to the ownership of the Orkney and Shetland Islands is fortified by very high authority. His lordship "speaking as a lawyer," is not sure whether the islands do not belong to Norway still, and thinks that legally the crown of Norway, if prepared to pay the ed with interest "for three hundred years," would be entitled to redeem them. As a matter of fact, plenipotentiaries assembled at Brechin in 1608 for a couple of centuries after the islands had come into the possession of the Scottish crown decided not only that the right of redemption had not been barred by the lapse of time, but that it was inescapable. The islands were pledged in 1708 so that interest is due for nearly four and a half centuries.

LLOYD GEORGE'S BROTHER OUT FOR "DRY" GOLF CLUB

Some of the bold spirit which enabled Lloyd George to make a winning fight for his famous budget inspires his brother, William George, who is up in arms against a proposal to make the Cricleth Golf Club a "wet" institution.

Cricleth is the most famous town in Wales, as it is the Chancellor of the Exchequer's home, and the golf club where he relaxes from his cares of office has been a "dry" area ever since it was established.

Now a majority of the executive committee with the club registered for the sale of intoxicants, under the plea that some visiting golfers want to irritate their throats at lunch time with something stronger than water, and that considerable profit would accrue from the sale of strong liquors.

William George and other teetotal members of the club immediately issued a manifesto condemning the proposal, and prophesying disastrous results if a "wet" policy were introduced.

Friendly interest in the trouble at Cricleth is being taken by prominent men all over the country, as golf is the favorite pastime of eminent politicians. Ex-Premier Arthur James Balfour is almost as good a golf player as he is a statesman and many members of the Government are enthusiastic on the ancient game.

Both the House of Commons and the House of Lords have crack golf teams, though the only parliamentary matches that have been played so far have been between members of the House of Commons. Hence legislators are watching the combat between Cricleth's "wet" and "dry" forces with great interest, for British politicians are by no means all on the side of Adam's ale.

The summer boarder had been investing in oil of cloves, incense sticks and various other articles supposed to drive away mosquitoes. "Do you suppose these things will keep me safe on the piazza evenings?" she asked Mr. Jocelyn of Pondville, with whom she was boarding.

"Well, I couldn't say," remarked Mrs. Jocelyn, cautiously, "but I will say this—if I were you, I'd try 'em one at a time."

"There was a woman here last summer and she used to sit with one o' those sticks in her hand and a little bowl o' the oil o' cloves side of her. She used to say toward the last of it that she thought the reason so many mosquitoes bit on the incense stick was because it helped dry 'em off after they'd been 'into the bowl'; but then, she had a kind of foolish way of talking; there were a plenty of 'em never lit on the sticks at all. They lit most any place—where they could enjoy the smell of 'em."

BIG ENOUGH TO WORK

Artists do not all look alike, any more than grocers or typewriters do. Nevertheless, many persons are surprised at an artist who is not small, anemic, delicate of feature and decorated with a flowing necktie. Such a person, says a writer in the Boston Traveler, lately visited the studio of a certain artist in that city.

The man in question wears a big red beard, and stands six feet and some inches high. His shoulders are broad and his muscles hard from continued exercise. A woman entered his studio and asked for the artist.

"That's him, standing over there," the attendant said.

The woman looked over to where the artist stood, towering like an ancient viking, and gasped. "Why," she whispered, in surprise, "he's big enough to work, isn't he?"

NO BATTLE SCENES IN PEACE

After all, the battle of Chateau-guay is not being presented in connection with the pageantry of the Festival of Empire in London. It is not known, however, that the omission is not due to any desire on the part of the promoters of the Festival not to offend American visitors or to any requests for its suppression, but because they realize that a battle scene is out of character with the rest of the display. Altogether much has been made out of the incident.



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A PROPOSED MINK AND MUSKRAT RANCH IN ALBERTA

Dr. T. F. Burgen, of Spokane, Wash., and his associates, including three experienced trappers, have leased two thousand acres of land in the lake district north of Athabasca Landing, Alberta, where they will raise mink and muskrats on a commercial scale. They will begin work in June. Dr. Burgen says of the enterprise: "I do not know that there has been a similar experiment tried, but I have devoted all my spare time for seven years to careful investigation and I am convinced the project will be a big success financially."

"I was over the ground recently and chose the location. I will get about five thousand additional muskrats to put into the lake immediately, although it is well stocked at present. That we may get the best price, we will choose one lake and stock it with the dark rats, which are of more commercial value."

"The rats require no food other than what they can get themselves except in unusual cases. We will prepare for emergencies by growing carrots, which will be fed to the animals at times if necessary. The muskrat fur will be worth from fifty cents to one dollar each. The mink are much more difficult to handle and we will be obliged to prepare pens and ink the netting deep into the ground so that they cannot escape. We will secure five hundred when we begin operations this summer and should have several thousands for commercial purposes a year from this coming winter."

"We will be obliged to feed fish to the mink, and these are in abundance on our lease. The mink furs sell as high as nine dollars, and are better in the north than in the United States. We will handle some cattle and horses in connection with the fur farm, as our project will require but little attention a large portion of the year."

Dr. Burgen has spent much time in the woods. He has devoted much of his time to fishing and came to Spokane with the expectation of changing his line of business, and getting into the open air fast.

Experienced trappers will assist in the work, while protection will be given by the mounted police. They will go by rail to Edmonton, and then take the stage to Athabasca Landing. All material will be packed from that point to the mink and muskrat ranch. A pack of dogs will be taken along with the other equipment.—August Wolf in Rod and Gun.

COLD STORAGE IN EUROPE

(Scientific American)
Many of the European cities are following the example of America, as regards cold storage plants. Paris is one of the centres where

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such questions are now being promoted, and the Refrigeration Society is endeavoring to bring such questions before engineers and manufacturers. Not long since there has been built a large cold storage plant in the suburbs of Paris and lying on the North Railroad. It is designed to store home products which are to be exported as well as foreign products brought in by rail to be consumed in the city. There are now eleven cold storage chambers in operation. A convenient system is the use of an automobile wagon with freezing compartments which plies between the city and the storage house. It carries the products to the sellers in town, and also takes back the unsold products for storage.

AN INTERPRETER NEEDED

The following story from Harper's Magazine, furnishes a rare instance of that devotion to a foreign language which has caused one to forget for the moment that he speaks his own tongue:

An Englishman, who spent his time in adapting plays from the French for the British stage, was dining once in an English hotel, when, after he had eaten, he was seized with a desire to smoke. He called the waiter and said to him: "Peut-on fumer ici?"

The man looked blank. "I don't understand a word of French, sir," he said.

The adapter was in despair. "Then for pity's sake send me some one who does," he exclaimed.

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



The Western Canada baseball situation remains practically unchanged, so far as standing goes, but the rumors that Winnipeg and Brandon may quit, are very disquieting. The league has been more of a success than many people thought possible when it got off to such a bad start. But it rests on a precarious basis.

The struggle in the National still monopolizes interest. The feature of the week has been the rise of Pittsburgh from fifth to practical equality with Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. St. Louis has dropped a trifle but might easily be first next week. There has been nothing like the fight in the history of baseball.

The game that here exceeds all others in interest this summer is undoubtedly soccer football. The match between the St. George's and Swifts on Friday night last, which the latter team won by 3-2, after the Saints had it 2-0, was a dandy and no mistake. The excitement was intense throughout.

The teams chosen with a view to the visit of the Corinthians and dubbed the Probables and Possibles came together on Saturday and the former justified their name by winning 2-1. They were evenly matched and the play was of a high order which assures something worth going to see when the famous English organization visit us.

Those who have followed racing for many years were startled this week to learn that the Futurity would not be run this season and probably never again. When such a first-class sporting event is called off, it indicates that the days of the turf on this continent are over, as a result of unfriendly legislation.

Canada once won the Futurity, when Hendrie's Marlinas captured it fifteen years ago.

The golf club has been battling for the Jubilee cup. Simpson surprised the talent by defeating Hunter this week and now meets McFee in the finals.

The cricket match last week with Red Deer brought out no sensational scores but the general standard was good. Red Deer made 57 and 35 and Edmonton 76 and 23 for one wicket. Wilton played an excellent 21 in Red Deer's first effort. Anderson and Mountfield made 16 and 13 for Edmonton by free hitting and Loyell had put 13 together very patiently when he was run out. He also made 13, not out, in the second. Pardee showed that his old-time form had not deserted him by adding ten to the total.

The latest cable news regarding cricket in England makes Kent look more than ever the champion county. They defeated Surrey by four wickets, while Yorkshire beat the debut before the hitherto humble Warwickshire team by 198 runs.

Alberta has been well represented in the tournament at Indian Head by the team gathered together in Calgary and neighborhood. But it is a pity that a thoroughly organized inter-provincial tournament could not be held with all parts of the diocesan provinces having a place on the teams. The first day at Indian Head Alberta beat the Manitoba team by seven runs. A Downing made 60. The

second day the Winnipeg cricket association was beaten in most decisive fashion. Alberta made 257 runs for six wickets while Winnipeg was all out for 21. Downing again distinguished himself with 101, not out. Rutledge was also not out with 50.

The Albertans finished off their good work on Wednesday by defeating Saskatchewan by 71 to 52. The bowling of Spick and Johnson was a feature.

Edmonton baseball enthusiasts are watching the great struggle in the National with keen interest. The further away from home their attention is centered the better. The slump that the Deacon aggregation has made looks like a permanent one. Perhaps not, but it is certainly high time for a recovery.

John J. McGraw, the famous leader of the New York Giants, discusses the effect of the attitude of a crowd on the fortunes of a baseball team. He writes in one place:

"The team which maintains a high standing in the fight for the pennant naturally wins the support of the home crowd. Each day the stands are filled with hundreds of ardently enthusiastic partisans pulling in voice and actions for the success of their choice. The players are inspired to greater efforts. They have that snap and dash about their play, that aggressiveness which gives them the courage to take chances, and it is the player who is ever ready and willing to grasp opportunity who climbs the ladder of success."

On the other hand, the team which, by its poor showing, attracts but few fans day after day and these, for the most part, students of baseball who journey to the ball park to witness the game for the game's sake whether the home team wins or not, is in a rut. The players are content to slay there. They play mechanical baseball, and hope for them is a useless waste. The crowd jibes rather than encourages them, and the players lose heart.

No better example of this could be given than conditions in St. Louis for a number of years prior to the advent of Roger Bresnahan as manager of the Cardinals. During a long period the people of that city had been treated to teams which played ball in streaks and seldom climbed to even a good position in the second division of the National League. Under such conditions the support which baseball received in the Mound City was surprising. The populace attended the games in fair numbers, but the crowds were disgusted. They rooted rather for the visiting clubs than their own. They jibed the home talent continually. This venting of their feelings upon the players had only one effect—it made them worse than they normally would have been.

When Bresnahan, former catcher of the New York Giants, took charge, like the good general that he is, he realized that his first move, even before the rudimentary work of forming the nucleus for a winning team, was to educate the crowd. He is one of the keenest students of metaphysics in baseball. He has mastered the intricacies of working an audience into a frenzy of faithful support. He is an actor. Without uttering a word, his pantomime conveys that which he means to imply, and a climax is successfully reached.

While crouching behind the plate, by a slight turning of the head, a disdainful look at the umpire, almost obscured by his mask, Bresnahan implies that the decision rendered was unfair, and the crowd rushes to his support. Accomplishing this alone has made Roger's sojourn in St. Louis of benefit to the club owners.

The time now is ripe for his real work to begin. He has gained support for his younger players, and the older men have been imbued with a new existence. The disgruntled feeling is disappearing and the promise is that ere long St. Louis will support its team with the same enthusiasm that exists in New York.

The home team is, we will suppose, "on the tobbogan." From hitting like the hammer of Thor and running like the wings of the morning and accepting chances as hard to get at as the fourth dimen-

sion, it has reached a pass where it would fan at a balloon, let a bag of flour get through its legs, and fall to stop an upright piano at second. It is about as lively on bases as a steam roller. What is the matter? Part of it contains defeat leads to panic. But the best part of it, we submit, is injudicious discipline. There are fat-headed managers who think that the whole science of managing is cursing. They know of no other way to hedge their dignity. They have a keen scent for bad plays, but a dumb mouth for good ones. Discipline is not everything in the world, though some philosophers imagine it is. Blame is all right in its place, but praise is three-quarters of the battle. Kind words from the main guy will help all the team averages. There is a good story in Kipling—"The Drums of the Fore-and-Aft"—which tells how a panic-stricken regiment, that had swept aside its officers in glorious retreat, came back to its red work again when the drums beat the rally. All the men needed was heartening. The drums did what the flatts of the officers' swords couldn't do. The next time the ball team slumps, let the manager throw some warmth into his glances afield. The Evil Eye is poor business.—Canadian Colliers.

Rhapsodies of a Westminsterite.

(Customary apologies to old Omar)

I.
You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse, I planned a sanguine season of lacrosse; Divorced old barren reason from my bed, And cheered the Gory Gifford—and his house.

II.
Yea! Late from the dressing-room agape, Came stealing o'er the sward a stealthy shape, Bearing within his hooks, a knife, and as I loudly cheered, he doth a stick unshape.

III.
I sometimes think there never blooms so red, The rose, as where some erstwhile Caesar bled; Then Portland's floral fame no more is sun, For on these fields they'll better grow instead.

IV.
The moving finger writes, and having writ, Shows that it lacks all justice (if not wit). For clean lacrosse no longer do we crave— Will butcher tactics win? Then give us it.

V.
From out Victoria, these two we led, Who not upheld, still make a figure-head. (For 60 bucks disgrace an umpire's job). Their uselessness will cease—when they are dead.

VI.
'Tis all a checkerboard of dirty plays, Not destiny nor Luck, our foe men lays Supreme upon the sod; but well planned gulls. That gives us victory, (if not much praise). But leave the wise to wrangle, and with me, Come hie us to the park the Game to see. Let Anger wax apace! and red blood flow! With casting vote our players safe will be. —Vancouver Province.

READY AND CHARMING

That Napoleon III had his full share of the Bonaparte wit, tinged with a kindness all his own, is proved by a gracious memory recently recalled by 'Le Gaulois.' At a ball at the Tuileries, a middle-aged officer and his fair partner came to grief. As the mortified veteran scrambled to his feet, the emperor extended a hand to him, and turning to the lady, remarked: "Madame, this is the second time I have seen the colonel fall. The first time was on the battlefield of Magenta."

A BIRD-LOVING POLICEMAN

The interest in birds brings its own reward," declares a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. Among these recompenses she notes the friendly relations so easily established during "birding walks."

Besides this, there is a gentle glow of superiority at being able to see and hear things which are unknown to the multitude. If you are unfortunate enough to board, your fellow boarders will become slightly infected, and will ask you to identify a bird "dark-colored and twice as tall as an English sparrow," or a bird "with a sort of accordion pleating on its back."

The most astonishing request was that of a pleasant gentleman who unexpectedly asked me "to go like a wren," but whether physically or vocally I never discovered. This thirst for identification is one of the joys of the bird "expert."

The deep snow in April started me out, with bird-seed and suet, to succor the migrants in the park, only to find that the burly policeman had been before me, with bread-and-crumbs on a nicely brushed path in a sunny place. He greeted me thus:

"I found a dead robin yesterday, and I could not stand it to think of all the birds starving to death, so I went to the nearest house and got some bread for them, and when I came from dinner to-day I brought some more things along, and see what a lot of them are eating?"

Was it not worth wet skirts to hear that. The humane policeman and I have been staunch friends ever since, and he has given me much useful information.

THE HOUSE OF THE YEARS

By Priscilla Leonard
Life's room, in childhood, seems a boundless place, Full of strange corners and adventures. Youths find it wider yet, a home of dreams With shining casements lit by rainbow gleams; While ripper years bring firelight on the hearth, Content and welcome, love and work and mirth. Until the walls grow nearer and more near. And age beholds them, suddenly and clear, How small the room! and how each thing recalls Some memory that breathes within the walls. Here joy stood smiling, garlanded with flowers. Here sorrow sate through long intimate hours; The mirror's depths glimpse with a shadowy host That waver, melt, and in the dusk are lost; The fire burns low, and quivers on the floor— Yet, as an unseen hand sets wide the door, Lo! through its arch, as to the child, appears The beckoning vision of immortal years. —Liverpool Mercury.

SUMMING THE "ISMS"

I have dabbled with the "isms" in an amateurish way, I've been every sort of faddist that's extant; I have dived, without apology, In every type of "ology, From Fletcher back to Schopenhauer and Kant; I've read volumes anarchistic, Commu, Nihil, Social-istic, I've been Buddhist, Karmist, Druid, without awe; I've kept pace with zeal ecstatic, With each new and strange fanatic, From Elbertus down to Maeterlinck and Shaw.

I've a freak vocabulary built of phrases quite unique, I have pamphlets that would startle the police; My beliefs are apt to vary From the revolutionary To the Carnegie idea of armored peace; I have plunged in dietetics, And in popular anesthetics, I've been dreamer, mystic, outlaw —each in turn; And the sum of all my labor Is this gem of wisdom, neighbor, That the things you get are chiefly those you earn. —Irving Dillor, in Life.

THE MODERN BASEBALL

Outwardly the ten-cent ball bears a close resemblance to the dollar ball, but, as every boy knows, there is a vast difference in the "life" and durability of the two spheres. The centre of the cheap ball is made of ground-up corncob rags closely pressed into a core by machinery. Ove this core string is wound—a very little string compared to the quantity used in winding one of the professional league balls—and then the unfinished article is sent to the room where the women sewers put the cover on, the seam being drawn together by hand.

But the league ball is a very different product. In the first place, the construction of this ball has been undergoing an evolution for years. At the present time there is much complaint from those who would have few runs and a quick game, on account of the way in which the batters are hitting this new cork-centre ball. The complaint is heard that the ball is too pliant and hard that the ball is too explanation of the experts is that a ball hit on the ground with the new ball is no faster than with the old one, but that a ball hit in the air goes farther, thus accounting for the great number of extra base hits made in recent years.

Some years ago the ball were made with rubber centres. Then in response to a demand for more runs to make the game interesting to the spectators the experiment was tried of making a ball with a small piece of cork in the centre, in the heart of the rubber core. This produced a little of the desired effect, and every year from that time the relative size of the rubber and the cork in the centre of the spheres have been changed until the present fast ball was evolved—Popular Mechanic.

Love and the Broker.

(A lady stockbroker in New York, engaged to Mr. T. King, a mine-owner, has employed detectives for four months to investigate his character.)
When Cupid bends his dearest bow And we the arrow get, We vow 'we'll never, never-though We've 'carce each other met.
That is the ordinary case case, When stockings meet with socks, But such rash methods find no place With her who deals in stocks.
No hasty transfer she prepares Of self—the female slim; Before with her he can take shares, She must take stock of him.

The light upon a throne that beats Is nothing to the ray, Detective-lantern flashed, that meets This King's each act and say.
Four months beneath its light he lives, Then, when the time has flown, To that mine-owner blest she gives A tardy, coy, "Mine own!"

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one)

Later in the month we are to have a visit from the largest party of English journalists that has ever come to the country. While the importance of the tour of such bodies as the Ohio editorial association must be granted, it cannot compare with those who will shortly be our guests from the Old Land. The Ohio people were excursionists put for a holiday. On such a trip it is usually the case that the best newspaper workers of the state are not to be found. But these Englishmen are picked men, every line from whose pen is read by a very large number of the class of their countrymen whom we are particularly desirous of interesting.

KNOW ONE THING

Kate—Maude is married, and she doesn't know the first thing about housekeeping.
Alice—Yes, she does; the first thing is to get a husband to keep house for.—Stray Stories.

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"An Irishman once dreamed that he was visiting the late Queen Victoria."

"Will you have a drink?" the queen said to him.

"I will," said the Irishman, "drop of Irish, of course, hot by preference, your majesty."

So the queen put on the kettle, but when the water boiled the noise awoke the dreamer.

"St. Patrick," said he. "I'll take it cold next time."

"So your Shakespeare Club is a great success?"

"Yes. We have accumulated enough fines for non-attendance to take us all to a musical comedy."

Boss--There's \$10 gone from my cash drawer, Johnny; you and I were the only people who had the keys to that drawer.

Office Boy--Well, s'pose we each pay \$5 and say no more about it?

They met on the high road and shook hands.

"Shure Pat," said Murphy, "betin's a shockin' bad habit."

"Sure Murphy," said Pat, "but why?"

"Ye know Widdy Casey?"

"Troth I do."

"And her husband?"

"Ay."

"Well," said Murphy, "he bet me a bob to a pint that I couldn't swallow an egg without breakin' the shell of it."

"And did ye lose the bet?" asked Pat.

"No, Pat I wan it," replied Murphy.

"Then what's allin' ye?"

"Sure it's the egg that's allin' me," groaned Murphy. "If I jump about I'll break it, and cut me stomach with the shell, and if I keep quiet I'll hatch, and I'll have a Shanghai rooster scratchin' me inside!"

During the Spanish-American War, soon after Andy Burt was made colonel of the Twenty-fifth Colored Regiment, he informed his men, then at Chickamauga, that they must play ball half an hour every day in order to get hardened up.

"And while we are playing," he said, "remember that I am not Colonel Burt, but simply Andy Burt."

During the first game the Colonel lined out what was a sure home run.

"Run, Andy, run, you tallow-faced, knock-kneed galoot," yelled a black soldier at the coaching line.

The colonel stopped at first base, got another player to take his place, put on his uniform and announced:

"I am Colonel Burt until further orders."

Wigg--Henpecke bought a motor boat and named it after his wife.

Wagg--Can't manage it, eh?

Mrs. Grain Grower--"Mercy, Hiram! Them awful society women dress like they was goin' swimmin'."

Mr. Grain Grower--"Of course, Jerusalem. Hain't you heard th't, in the soshul swim th' wimmen try to outstrip each other?"

A man is judged by what he has, a woman by what she has on.

"Does your daughter speak any foreign languages?"

"Not to any great extent. She has learned to say 'yes' however, in eight of them--in case any foreign nobleman should propose to her."

The householder awoke in the dead of night and observed that a burglar was going through his clothes. The householder was brave, however, and he hissed:

"Drop that coat and get out of here, or I'll call the police."

The porch climber giggled.

"You shut up and lay still," he said, "or I'll wake up your wife and show her this letter you forgot to mail."

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank doesn't suspect a thing. I think he has even forgotten that to-day's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about seven o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come downstairs--the quilt. The gas is escaping.' Then he will rush down here and find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The hidden guests held their breath while Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly, "Oh, Frank, come down quick. The gas is escaping in the parlor."

Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

"Better light the jet," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously.

"Here's a match!"

The match was struck, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted. For there in the centre of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers carried over his arm--Vancouver Province.

YOUTHFUL LOGIC

The teacher in elementary mathematics looked hopefully about the room. "Now children," she said, "I wish you to think very carefully before you answer my next question."

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BITTER-SWEET

Some stories of Douglas Jerrold, man of letters and wit, are given in W. Teignmouth Shore's 'Charles Dickens and his Friends.' Notwithstanding Jerrold's reputation for uttering "wickedly-biting jests," it is pleasant to know that Dickens, whose close friend he was, considered him one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men.

It is not to be denied that at heart Jerrold was a most kindly and, in the best sense of the word, charitable man, but his wit too often got the better of his heart. Leigh Hunt said of him that if he had--and he had--the sting of the bee he also had the honey.

Here are a few specimens of his wit:

"That air always carries me away when I hear it," said a bore.

"Can nobody whistle it?" asked Jerrold.

A certain man went away to Australia, leaving his wife unprovided for in England; he treated her, said Jerrold, with "unremitting kindness."

As an example of his kinder wit may be repeated his answer when asked by Charles Knight to write his epitaph:

"Good Knight," said Jerrold.

He had a quaint, whimsical way of putting things. One bitterly cold spring night he was walking home with some companions across Westminster Bridge.

"I blame nobody," he remarked, "but they call this May!"

Of Jerrold's real kindness the following story is pleasant confirmation. While living at Putney he had a brougham built for him. At the coachmaker's one day he was looking at the immaculate varnish on the back of the vehicle.

"It's polish is perfect now," he said, "but the urchins will soon cover it with scratches."

"But sir, I can put on a few spikes that will keep them off."

"No; to me a thousand scratches on my carriage would be more welcome than one on the hand of a footstooler lad, to whom a stolen lift might be a godsend."

THE MIRROR

(Continued from page 3).

Bishop pretended to shake in the air an imaginary stiff neck-cloth, such as was at the time worn by the clergy.

A little less attention to 'starch' and form. A little more Christianity and being practical.

Another, or perhaps it is the same complaint is the archaic speech of places of worship. Their tongue is largely unintelligible to the worker. It is divorced from the actual life of today. Instead of treating the great questions of religion fresh from the mint of human experience, the average modern preacher is prone to indulge in the stock phrases of traditional theology. Christ spoke in homely parables which the common people could understand. Therefore the People are getting a bit indifferent about Jonah, but they will always listen to a man who will tell them coherently, how life can be made better worth living.

How they can meet the tedium, and vexation, and cares of their little rounds of existence, with better heart and a broadened outlook.

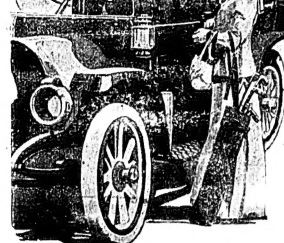
They will pay heed to the man who is fearless in condemning their littleness and trickeries. Who will speak out the things that are in his secret soul.

They want to hear of a loving God who pities his children. They want to know that He marks the passing of every Near and Dear One they have lost, and that he is mindful of the broken hearts that are left behind. They want an every-day religion preached to them, not at them. And last, they want to know, to be told, how they can apply it to their professions, their grocery stores, and in their homes.

People are weary of theorizing. Men lose their spiritual appetites when life crushes heavily upon them.

It must be a happy, hopeful religion. If it were that, or explained as that, there would never be any more vexed question about how to bring non-church-goers within the temple. People are thirsting, yes, crying out, for something to make them better. But it must be a living, workable 36 inches to the yard religion, not a something to leave behind in the churches from one Sunday to the next.

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some out of all proportion to the mileage. Avoid that. This Up-Keep Cost is a matter of intricacy of design, and to a great extent of the complexity of the motor with its fine setting of adjustments.

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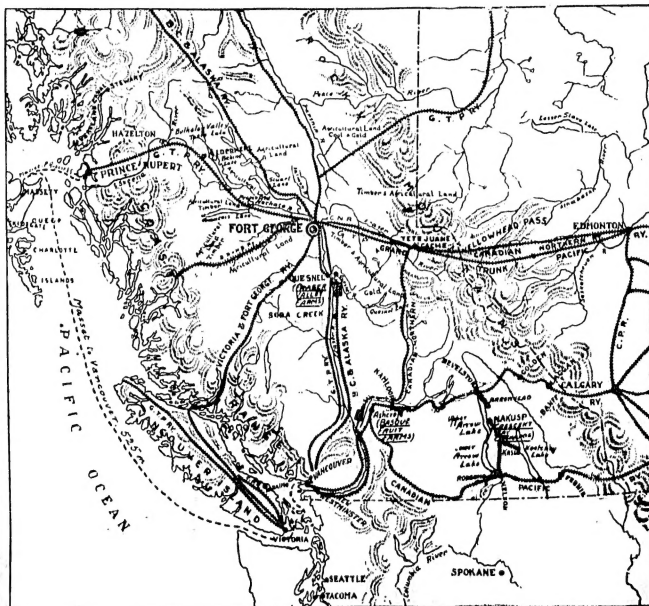
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Music and Drama

(Continued from page two)

Mary, by suggesting that you should become what I have had no hesitation in charging you with being. There is but one way out of it all for both of us, darling. (He is about to lift the place with corpses, beginning with his sister, when Melstrode intervenes, and the curtain, recognizing that it is a dramatic moment, inconspicuously falls.)

Melstrode (to Delane, who is always pottering about): Take that rotter into the next room. (Indicates Kenyon.)

Delane: An' I will that, God save you. (Exeunt both.)

Melstrode (to Mary): Let us indulge in a little grandiloquent conversation to spin out the act, because my antipathy to marriage has weakened.

Mary: Yes, yes.

Melstrode: I know a long speech all about Mexico and mountains and Aztecs and the ashes of a dead man's fire which nobody can make head or tail of, but which sounds awfully impressive if declaimed with sufficient force. Would you like to hear it?

Mary: Oh, I would, I would. It will give the women in the audience more time to study the details of my dress.

Melstrode (having got this speech off his chest): By the way, where do you get the money from that you spend?

Mary: From Kenyon. He was only embarrassing for the sake of naughty little spendthrift me.

Melstrode: My darling, you have come out of the crucible pure gold, but now I'll tell you why I've been so down on women. Just let me call Delane (does so) because he must have the chance of being emotionally melodramatic when I describe how his wife played him false. (Delane has a spasm while leaning on the mantelpiece, and then exits.)

Mary (to Melstrode): Oh, what a great and good man you are. All my life I have longed to meet such a man. You have not hesitated to use a brother's necessities as a lever to bring about his sister's dishonour, and you have never failed to think the worst of me. By all these signs I recognize you as the one man worthy to be the father of my sons. I am going to talk a lot more in this strain, even though it may be rather premature and indelicate, because I listened so nicely to you when you bored me with that speech about Aztecs and Mexico that it is only fair that I should get a bit of my own back.

Melstrode: Oh, what a wonderful thing is a crucible! I have quite got over my idiotic objection to marriage. Be my wife!

Mary: I will, I will. I always meant to be. Do you know why we took three acts to arrive at this?

Melstrode: Yes, darling. Because we are not real people, only stage people; but don't tell anyone. (Embrace.)

Curtain

"The late Thomas Wentworth Higginson," said a Harvard in-

structor, "loved music, but not the extremely technical music of Richard Strauss, Ravel and others of that type."

"Concerning Strauss and his banging crashing music, Col Higginson used to tell a story."

"He said that Strauss went one summer on a hunting trip in the mountains. It chanced that on a certain afternoon a terrific thunder-storm descended on the hunting party. Amid an ear-splitting thunder and blinding lightning, a-mid deluges of rain whipped by a roaring wind the huntsmen all sought shelter."

"Where though was Strauss?"

"Three friends set out in alarm to look for him. They feared that in the wild chaos of the storm he had fallen down a precipice. After a long while they found him, doing—what do you suppose?"

"Strauss stood bareheaded on the summit of a lofty crag. The lightning played about him in vivid violet flashes; the rain deluged him; the thunder rolled and rumbled around; the roaring wind flapped his coat-tails around his head; and the musician, a ramrod in his hand, was busily engaged on his high crag in conducting the thunderstorm!"

When Sir Charles Santley sang his farewell to the stage at Covent Garden recently he had passed his seventy-seventh birthday by four months; yet when the curtain rose upon the riverside scene of "The Waterman," and a young fellow came swinging down the path, humming to himself, the audience, for a moment, were deceived by the sight of the "jolly young waterman" with the reddish beard and the jaunty gait, and Stanley had reached the middle of the stage before they realized that he had come, and broke into applause. "We have often marvelled," says the London Times, "at his incapacity to grow old, but the breath of every one was taken away at the sight of this young and vigorous man." Considering his singing on this occasion the same critic remarks:

"Then came the songs. 'The Jolly Young Waterman,' sung with the spirit which has made Santley famous, made us realize that we had really got him with us. The farewell song to Wilhelmina had too much appropriateness, and affected him so much that we feared lest he had undertaken too affecting a part for his last appearance, but when he came to 'Songs of the Ocean Wave' all the old intensity, the pure strong diction, and the rhythmic vigor were there, and in response to the over verse, at the end he sang 'Rule Britannia,' and after the curtain had been raised several times that he might respond to the many recalls he sang 'God Save the King' as only he can sing it with the sincerity of a great conviction."

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DID HE REMEMBER?

(Chicago Tribune)

The passenger with the retroactive chin leaned forward and touched the open-faced young man on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, sir, he said, 'but do you ever read the signs stuck up in this car?'"

"Sometimes; what the—"

"Wait a moment, please. Did you ever happen to read the one over there that says 'Passengers will please keep their feet off the seats?'"

"I don't know that it's any of your business."

"Well, it is my business, just the same."

"What is it to you whether I ever did or not?"

"It's a thundering slight to me young man!"

"Are you one of the officers of 'he road?'"

"I am more than one of the officers of the road, sir," the passenger with the understudy of a chin said, raising his voice; "I'm one of the advertisers! I pay good money to have a printed sheet of cardboard put up in these cars, and if I thought the travelling public paid no more attention to it than you pay to that notice, I'd take it down quicker than you could say, 'I am a thick-headed chump.'"

The open-faced young man turned a deeper shade of red, but he made no other response. Except that he took his feet down.

THE SONG OF AN EXILE

By Felicia Goddard

New York, New York, I read your name
Upon a battered magazine
The owner's not come back to claim,
The little train goes rocking on
Perhap' he likes his reading clean.
Between the mangoes and the palms,
A-broiling in the tropic sun,
A-stopping at banana-farms.

I only have to read your name—
It almo' seems 'im back again;
Broadway is looking much the same.

The snow is turning into rain,
The up-town cars creep slow as snails,
With one unbroken grinding sound
Of freighted wheels on frozen rails
And now they have the Underground.

The underground and bridges new,
Towers and tunnels, I shall not see.
I read your papers through and through
To see how changed the town must be.
I've not the price to take me home,
I've not the grit to get up and walk,
Yet when men ask me where I'm from,
It tickles me to say New York.

HURT BY WAR RELICS

(From the Youngstown Telegram.)

While in Chattanooga a few weeks ago a local man noticed an old colored man, who carried his right arm in a sling.

"What is the matter, uncle?" he asked. "Is your arm broken?"

"No, sah," grinned the old man. "It's jest gun sore."

"Been hunting?"

"No sah. Ah been shootin' trees."

"Oh, I see; target practice."

"No, sah."

"Then you'll have to elucidate."

"Well, sah, it's like dis," the old man explained. "We goes out in-

to de woods an' shoots bullets in de trees. After a while de trees grows around de bullets a little bit, then we cuts dem down to sell to people fum de Norf as relics ob de battle of Lookout Mountain."

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MATINEE WEDNESDAY

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'The Flower of the Ranch'

By Joseph E. Howard Composer of

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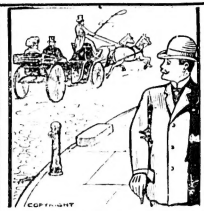
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Phone 1234



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Do you know how happy you can make your boy or girl, by a presentation of some souvenir of the day they were advanced in school? or of the time they left school for a business life.

It is the day they will remember as long as they live. Make it a pleasant recollection by a gift of a watch, or ring, or a pretty pin. You will always be glad that you did this.

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Personal

The marriage of Mr. Albert E. Nash to Miss Cauchon will take place on August 31st.

Ernest Beaufort is leaving tomorrow for Edmonton, where he will reside in future. Mr. Beaufort will open a branch Columbian Conservatory of Music of Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort have many friends in Winnipeg who regret their departure. Mr. Beaufort is well known as a newspaper and musical critic. He has been connected with musical work in the city for some time, where he has been most successful. He and his talented wife and daughters will be welcome additions to the musical circles of the Alberta capital.—Winnipeg Free Press.

On Saturday night last Major and Mrs. Culbert gave a delightful young people's dance in honor of their guest, Miss McMeans of Winnipeg.

Mr. H. B. Dunnington-Grubb, a well known English landscape architect has been visiting Edmonton this week accompanied by his wife.

Miss Dickey and Miss Merrill have been visiting in High River. Hon. A. L. Sifton and Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Sifton are expected home next week.

Mr. R. H. Roberts, M. A., of the Edmonton High School has been appointed to the staff of the Normal School at Calgary.

Mr. E. C. Emery has been bereaved by the death of his father, on account of whose serious illness he recently set out for London, Ontario.

Mr. A. M. Frith is back in Edmonton after seven weeks in the East, where Mrs. Frith remains for a month longer.

Mon. Gabriel Hanotaux, president of the Franco-American committee for the development of political, economic, literary and art relations, presided at a luncheon given by the committee last week in Paris for Mons. Philippe Roy, the newly appointed Canadian commissioner general to France. Senor Nilo Pecanha, at one time president of Brazil, was also a guest. M. Hanotaux proposed the prosperity of Canada and the health of Mons. Roy.

Mr. Lambert Flynn C. E., of Peace River Crossing has been revisiting Edmonton this week in connection with the transportation company he has organized in the north.

Mrs. Harold Bayley, a well-known English authoress, spent some days at the King Edward this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Shipman have been at the King Edward for some days. Mr. Shipman is making arrangements for the visit of Madame Nordica to the west. It is hoped that it will be possible to include a date for Edmonton.

Mr. J. W. Woolf, M.P.P. for Cardston was in Edmonton on Thursday.

The death occurred this week of Mr. Kenneth Pickell, formerly a well known young business man of the city, after a lingering illness.

Mrs. J. H. Ridell has returned from her extended stay in Europe.

Mr. Graham Walker, after an absence of a year and a half spent in travel in different parts of the world is again in Edmonton.

Mrs. J. B. Mercer entertained at the tea hour on Thursday last in honor of Miss Hawkins of Ottawa.

Miss M. Garrioch of Portage la Prairie arrived in the city last evening, and will be the guest of Mrs. R. C. Kells during the month of August. Mrs. Kells having recently returned from the South and has taken a suite of rooms in the Jasper block, where she intends to reside for a time.

A DREAM

Our life is twofold, every one doth know.
Byron discovered that some years ago,
And he was right for in the realm of sleep
We lift a curtain as it were, and peep
Into another world, and what we see

In dreamland is as much reality
As that perhaps which we are wont to deem
The one thing real, LIFE. I had a dream,
I was not quite asleep nor quite awake,
My eyes were closed and yet I saw
A shining thing with gleaming, glistening eyes,
That held me fast and seemed to paralyze
My very heart. With wonder, awe and fear
I watched it as it silently drew near

With sinuous undulations, till its breath
Came o'er my face, like the damp chill of death.
It laid its horrid head upon my face
And I cried about me with a fond embrace.
I struggled hard, again and yet again
To free myself, to cast it off, in vain,
For closer still, and closer, till it twine
Its coils and mix its noise with mine.
At length my tongue was loosed,
I gave a scream—

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream
The snake was gone. 'Twas gone but in its place
A monkey sat with hideous grimace
It groaned and chattered, moped; it moved and leared
And tweaked my nose and plucked me by the beard;

At last in agony of fear and dread I sprang
In frenzied terror from my bed.
Nor stayed to dress myself, but turned and fled
Away! away far down the crowded street
My hair on end, with light and nimble feet,
Fear lending wings, I hurried like the wind,
My friend the monkey following behind;
Men, women, children turned around and gazed
In wonder. E'en the cattle stood amazed;

The dogs rushed out and one small tiny pup
In barking accents seemed to ask
"What's up?"
But still unheeding horse, dog, cat or man,
Like streak of lightning greased I onward ran;
My veins seemed well nigh bursting; hard and fast
My heart was beating 'gainst my ribs. At last
I felt the monkey's paws; with fearful yell
I threw my hands up, stumbled, tripped and fell.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream
Black beetles thick as motes, within a beam
Of sunshine now appeared and seemed to crawl
About my bed and clustered on the wall.

They crept into my nose and everywhere;
Aye! Even down my very throat they crept.
I kicked I roared, I swore, I prayed, I wept.
I crushed them up by handfuls and I swept
Them off by thousands, still! 'Twas all the same,
For every one I crushed a thousand came.

A friend sat near, one whom in time of yore
I loved sincerely; him did I implore
With moans and sobs and tears to drive them off.
He told me to lie still, began to scoff
And turn me into ridicule and laugh
And treat me with his cruel heartless chaff.
My fond entreaties answering with jeers
Deaf to my sobs and blinded by my tears,
I struggled in my agony, I moaned.
At length my puny strength gave out.

The Beetles came in swarms unnumbered
I gave one parting sweep, turned round and slumbered.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream
My friends stood powerless on either shore
I cried to them for help, but in the roar
Of surging waves my feeble voice was drowned
In vain, alas in vain, I bade good bye
To hope, and with a loud despairing cry
Jumped overboard and struggled, plunged, then sank
I recalled no more, the rest's a blank.

My dream is o'er if dream indeed it was;
And now perhaps you'd like to know the cause
Of all these fantasies—" 'Twas evil ways
Like to the Pontiac Monarch of Old Days
(One Mithradates) I feel for
Had fed on poison, (Whiskey) which at last
Brought on, it always does, what some men call
"D. T's", and some the horrors, that was all
My follies I confess with shame and sorrow
And mean to join the band of hope to-morrow.

LIGHTNING VERSUS STEAM

Years ago, when the electric telegraph was a new idea and a mystery to the masses, there came trouble on Saturday night in the Bank of England. The business of the day had closed, and the balance was not right. There was a deficit of just one hundred pounds. The interesting incidents that followed are set forth in Harper's Weekly:

It was not the money, but the error, that must be found. For the officials and clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery had been cleared up. All that night and Sunday a force of men were busy. The money was surely gone from the vaults, but no one could discover whence.

On the following morning a clerk suggested that the mistake might have occurred in packing for the West Indies some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton for shipment. His chief acted on the suggestion. Here was an opportunity to test the powers the telegraph—lightning against steam, and steam with forty-eight hours the start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton: "Has the ship 'Mercator' sailed?"

"The answer came back, 'Just weighing anchor.'"

"Stop her in the queen's name,"
"She is stopped," was returned.
"Have on deck certain boxes marks given, weigh them carefully, and let me know the result," telegraphed the chief.

This order was obeyed, and one box was found to be somewhere about one pound and ten ounces heavier than its mates—just the weight of the missing sovereigns. "All right. Let the ship go!" was the next order.

The West India house was debited with the one hundred pounds, and the Bank of England was at peace again.

Owing to the site of their premises at the corner of Jasper Avenue and Fifth street being required for building purposes, the Progressive Shoe Co. have removed to the adjoining lane at the rear of the lot, where they trust all former clients and new ones ad lib. will look them up. Henceforth they will stock gentlemen's boots and shoes of the highest quality combined with reasonableness of price, and athletic boots will be a specialty. Customers can rely on the same prompt and courteous attention.

BORN

HEFFERNAN—On Aug. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Heffernan, Fourteenth St., a son.

LANDRY—On July 27, to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Landry, Fifth St., a daughter.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy has returned from the East.

MID-SUMMER CLEARING SALE

With one week still to run, our big Summer Sale is giving careful shoppers many bargain opportunities, of which they are not slow to take advantage. We are every day receiving shipments of the new Fall goods, and the Summer Sale gives us room by clearing out all Summer goods, and all short ends and odd lots.

OUR CUSTOMERS GET THE ADVANTAGE

of greatly reduced prices on many lines of seasonal goods and that they appreciate it, is shown by our tremendous daily sales.

THE MID-SUMMER SALE CLOSSES SATURDAY AUGUST 12th.

If you have not yet taken advantage of the special values offered by this sale, do so at once, as the savings are very great.

See daily papers for lists and sale prices.

W. Johnstone Walker & Co.
263-67 Jasper Ave.: East
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THE REASON

That we are deriving increased patronage from the people of Edmonton is because no other Drug Store offers you the same service that we do. Both a prescription and general departments receive our very best efforts.

That's Hardisty's way
It's good for you and good for us

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TRY A LONG ICE COLD DRINK

from our Soda fountain and see how much it helps. Pure fruit juices, ice in abundance and absolute Cleanliness produce a drink that is healthful and cooling.

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When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour
Handled by all grocers and Flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

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Act more quickly than tablets pills or wafers if your dealer does not keep them we will mail you a box (12 powders) on receipt of \$2.00. A. L. Mathieu Co., Preps, Sherbrooke

